



Somewhere. How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere in God's great universe thou art to-day. Can He not reach thee with His tender care? Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

WHAT A WOMAN DID. Jessica Dale looked from her seat among the branches of the ancient ash that stood on the river side. On a pile of planks a man's figure was stretched at full length, and he was apparently placidly gazing up at the white clouds slowly dissolving in the blue air.

"I wonder you are not sun-struck, lying there on the wharf in this hot, broiling sun." "I don't mind the hot sun. It never hurts me."

"And yet, the coldest day last winter, you worked out of doors all day, building that ice palace for me."

"I should think, Bernard, you must be as much as six feet high," she said, measuring him with her eye.

"The young man's brown face flushed crimson." "But what can I do, Jessica?"

"I don't feel that it is a dependence. I am one of the family, and we all live happily together, and have everything in the world we want."

"I will never go there with you Bernard, never! I would rather die! I would rather live in a log cabin, on bread and milk, than with a husband who would be willing to lead such a life as you do."

"The sleepy log went out of Bernard's eyes in a moment, and a bright light flashed into them."

I have thought how nice it would be to take her from her home, where she does so much, to a place where she would have nothing to do at all. And her ladyship does not like it; she gives herself too many airs."

Three miles below the old farm-house stood the busy town of Perkinsville. On a hot summer afternoon, two days after the talk under the pollard willows, a shadow fell across the open doorway of the farm-house which showed immediately followed by the appearance of Bernard Leyburn.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Darryl," he said, as he approached the gentleman. "I want to go to work."

"Mr. Darryl, knowing Bernard as he did, was astonished." "Any money to invest?" he asked. "Not a cent."

"Then you have not the ghost of a chance. Dozens of young gentlemen now in town waiting work. Sorry I can't help you, Leyburn," he said, cordially, "but, indeed, every place is full and overflowing."

"I don't say but what you may work your way to something better, but that is the way you will have to begin. I am afraid it won't suit you."

"What has come over you Jessica Leyburn?" asked Darryl of Jessica, when he paid a visit to the old farm-house.

"I had half determined not to go," he thought, with vexation. "But Darryl has spread the report about, and now I'll have to go up and give it a trial. I shall find it a horrible business, I know."

Bernard had not returned since first he went up, now nearly a year ago, and he had not written Jessica a letter, or sent her a message.

The head was quickly raised from the shoulder. "Why Bernard! Are you crazy?" "By no means. What in the world is the use of our waiting? We have known each other all our lives, and how do you suppose I can take the time to come phlegmizing down here every week?"

"You will make it out a sort of Paradise, I expect, if I let you go on. But may I ask if you had the house built because you felt so sure of me?"

"I did not feel at all sure of you, but I did not believe a little feeling of hope. I did not help you would care so much about the life I led if you did not love me the least little bit."

"I know you were always as busy as a bee, and I used to think you must consequently be unhappy, but I have learned better than that now."

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Burned at the Stake. How the Indians Disposed of One of Their Unfortunate Women. It is a matter of history, as every one is aware, that the penal laws of some of the Indian tribes surpass in rigor and severity those of civilized nations, and the penalties inflicted by the breaking of these edicts, which have been handed down for centuries, are of a singularly cruel and fearful nature.

On being brought into the ante-room of the lodge (Greengrocer Temple, No. 101), I was told that I had been balloted for and accepted. My informant, who was securely masked by what I afterwards learned was a large burdock leaf, perforated with holes for the eyes, told me that if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip.

A sepulchral voice from within asked: "Who comes?" "My guide answered: 'A youthful agriculturist who desires to become a granger.'"

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Items of Interest. Octagonal watches are the fashion. "Semi-dress" is the masculine gender of "demi-toilet."

Wayneboro, Penn., has a haunted distillery. Just the place for spirits! Pittsburgh has 31 bottle, 24 window glass and 25 flint and lime glass factories.

Have no respect for any man who has to feel the public pulse to learn his private duty. It is a wonder what troubles well meaning persons fall into in every-day experience.

There are only eight gold watches in Harrisburg, Pa.—according to the official tally. The National Grange has selected Charleston as the place for the next annual meeting.

The vintage of the Australian vineyards is estimated at 500,000 gallons. That of California for 1872 was 4,000,000.

In Carthage, Ill., boys under the age of 16 are, by city ordinance recently passed, prohibited from chewing tobacco.

John Carter, a Duluth boy of sixteen, hung himself the other day because he had a fight with the school teacher and failed to conquer him.

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period recently: "She don't know enough, old, sir, to boil water."

An old maid in New Jersey has twenty-eight pet rabbits, and with these for pigs and a hot brick for comfort she manages to get along very nicely.

The French military tribunals engaged in trying Communists, including 28 far given 49,000 decisions, including 23,000 condemnations and 2,300 acquittals.

F. Schomman, of Milwaukee, worked hard for four years, did well, and then sent over the seas his Katrina. When she arrived she died from excessive joy.

Dr. Tietze, of the Imperial Austrian Mining School, sent out by Baron Reuter for geological research in Persia, reports the existence of extensive coal fields near Casvia.

A London physician, after a laborious collection of the statistics of the trade, concludes that the opportunity of constant tripping shortens life an average of three years and a half.

"M. Quad," of the Detroit Free Press, has a patent kick which annihilates the man who "drops up" to read the exchange, pass over the copy, or bore the editor in any other way.

A woman at Vassabor, Me., recently returned to her husband after a nine years' stay among the Shakers. Her husband invited all the neighbors to celebrate the event and welcome her home.

A housekeeper, writing of poor servants, says that if women would study housekeeping as their husbands study law, medicine, and book-keeping, there would be much less complaint of bad servants.

Two thousand dollars is a pretty high price to pay for a single rooster. That is what Mr. Davis of Portland has given Ira Batchelder for a black Spanish cock—considered the best game bird in the country.

The hatred of the Chinese in San Francisco is thus placarded in a cigar store: "No Chinamen. Established sixteen years on the principle of white labor only."

A proposed amendment to the New Jersey constitution is the property of no kind shall be exempt from taxation, except that of the State, counties, and municipalities, and burying grounds not held by stock companies.

No country upon the face of the habitable globe, having a railroad system in operation, has so carefully guarded against the possibility of collisions as the republic of Costa Rica. It rejoices in a single locomotive.

A Titusville paper says: "A man called at one of our stores and vainly essayed to get on either numbers 11, 12 or 13 shoes. The store-keeper suggested that he should put on a thinner pair of stockings and try on the box."

Certain Philanthropists once petitioned the Legislature of Massachusetts to ordain that all hanging should be done by operagymen. At a recent session in Gloucester, Eng., a doctor offered to operate gratuitously, for the love of the thing.

The National Grange, in session at St. Louis, unanimously adopted a memorial to the Patrons of Husbandry in the cotton States, arguing for mixed husbandry in the South, instead of expending the energies of the people in raising a single crop.

The series of fourteen "extras" issued by the New York Tribune are undoubtedly the cheapest and best popular scientific publication in the world. The Tribune will send free to any applicant a circular giving the full contents and details of this remarkable "Library for One Dollar."

A prominent lawyer in St. Cloud, Minnesota, carried home a nice young turkey, but he was told by the servant girl that it must be very old, as it had lost all its teeth, whereupon the lawyer was greatly surprised, and replied that he had not particularly examined the turkey, but had relied wholly upon the butler, who said it was young.

Two children belonging to the commune of Rothenburg, in the Canton of Lucerne, Switzerland, aged ten and thirteen years respectively, recently maltreated another child in so barbarous a manner that it lost consciousness, and finally died. The motive for the act is said to be jealousy of the way in which their unfortunate little victim had distinguished himself at school.

The Pennsylvania Agricultural College is not a profitable institution. Joseph C. Turner, one of the trustees, says that when he became a trustee six years ago, the debt of the college was about \$12,000, and it has been increasing at the rate of \$20,000 a year ever since. The \$20,000, and the expenses about \$26,000. The farmers of the commonwealth take no interest in the concern.

U. S. Patent Office Report.

The Hon. M. D. Leggett, Commissioner of the U. S. Patent Office, has submitted his annual report for the year ending December 31st, 1873, to both Houses of Congress, in compliance with section 9 of the Patent Act of July 8, 1870, which requires that officer to prepare, and present to Congress, a detailed report of the operations of his office, in the month of January each year, for the preceding twelve-month.

From this document, which is quite lengthy, and contains many valuable suggestions, we glean the following interesting facts: The number of applications for letters-patent filed during the year 1873 was 20,414; number of patents granted (including reissues and patents granted), 12,864. It appears that, in 1873, 13,246 applications were presented, and 13,590 of them were allowed, and patents granted. The increase in the number of applications is very marked, and so is the decrease in the abnormal condition of affairs which the Commissioner explains by stating that "the decrease in the number of patents arises partly from more thorough examinations, and partly from the fact that some applications are not being prosecuted to issue, because of the disturbance in manufacturing, caused by financial disturbances."

Two hundred and seventy-three applications for extension of existing patents were received and decided during the year, of which 233 were granted—thus adding seven years to their lifetime. It also appears that 4,482 patents expired during the year; and we are informed that no less than 2,783 patents, which had been "allowed," did not issue (were forfeited, in other words) on account of non-payment of the final fee of \$20. This is the largest number of forfeited patents for many years, and can only be accounted for on the score of the unusual stringency in financial matters which, during the latter part of last year, affected all classes of society, and was particularly hard upon the working men, to whose ranks the greater part of inventors belong.

There were received 534 applications to have trade marks registered, and of these 492 were allowed. Of the patents granted, 12,371 were to citizens of the United States; 341 to citizens of Great Britain; 64 to citizens of France; and 88 to the citizens of other foreign governments.

Beecher's Advice.

Henry Ward Beecher gives to the young this advice: "Use fiction as you would spices in your diet. No man takes a quart of cloves, nor exhausts the crust, at a single meal. These things may be used with moderation to season one's food with, but they are not to be used alone; and so fictions, while they are not to be resorted to exclusively, may be used with discretion to season life with. If you find that using them bring you back to duty, with more alacrity, with more cheer, and with more aptitude, if you find that they make you better in your relations to your fellow-men, then it does not hurt you, and you are at liberty to use them. But if you find that using them makes you morose; if you find that it gives you a distaste for work; if you find that it inclines you to run into a hole that you may get stuck in; if you find that you may find that it makes you unkind, disobliging, and selfish—then you may be sure that whether it injures any body else or not, it injures you."

THE END.—The great end of prudence is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and accomplishment cannot exhilarate; those soft intervals of unbounded amusement, in which a man shrinks at his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments and disguises which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and to which every desire prompts the prosecution. It is indeed at home that every man must be known, and by whom he is known, and for either of his own or felicity; for smiles and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence.